

Light my fire
by animaniacal

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Summary: Kenshin and Kaoru are both a little nervous about their wedding night, but with the advice of their friends, things might just go smoother than they thought... Live Action Movie-verse wedding one-shot.

Light my fire

Welcome to some of the fluffiest, feelings-heavy smut ever, guys!
It's where I live. A boring but fairly happy place to be, if I do say so myself ;).

This is supposed to be movie-verse Kenshin/Kaoru, because UGH. Those IDIOTS. And their BEAUTIFUL FACES. They look like they want to jump each other in like, every scene. Being serious, movie-KenKao has a different and more "sedate" relationship, and that's what I wanted to portray here. A more mature Kaoru, to be sure, and an even more emotionally unstable (in that he shows what he's feeling more often) Kenshin.

****An important note****: this story is definitely rated "E." I wrote very explicitly about sex, so if that's not your thing, I'd urge you not to read. If I get a request to do so, I'll edit the version to a more truly "M" rating, and leave it as it is on AO3. However, I think it's a pretty sweet and realistic little scene, if I do say so myself, and in keeping with the "spirit" of the restrictions. So you know, even if most erotic writing isn't for you, if you're up for it, I don't think you'll be disappointed ;).

Many thanks to kakikaeru and rahmakapala/the Dah for helping beta this for me! Talking smut with friends, so funâ€¦|

But yeah, I swear, to all you random internet folk, I shall write more for my other two/three stories eventually. Also continue beta-ing, and all the other jazz I've be doingâ€¦| But hey, nothing

like a little fun to get the inspiration flowing, I guess?

In the meantime, everyone go read "Persuade My Heart", "Light in the Time of Shadows", and "This One", aka, the greatest stories EVER.

* * *

><p>Kaoru clutched her teacup, trying to control her blush, while Megumi finished pouring her own cup of tea. They were seated together on cushions in Megumi's office, a small but cozy room right off the examination room.<p>

Just why she felt so embarrassed, Kaoru wasn't sure. Megumi had been very kind, very professional throughout the exam, always explaining everything she was doing, and checking to make sure Kaoru was comfortable.

It was just, no one had ever even looked at her down there, let alone touched And that was exactly it, of course. What had made her so embarrassed was thinking about why Megumi had insisted on giving her a physical exam, why she needed to start getting a better sense of herself and her body, and soon.

"Ah, that's better," Megumi said after taking a sip of tea, before snapping open her fan and giving it a couple flutters. "Now that that's over, we can have a nice chat."

"Mm, yes " Kaoru took a quick sip so as to delay having to say anything else. When she looked up again, Megumi's smile had grown larger.

"As I said during the exam, you seem to be in perfect health, which of course, given your age and energetic lifestyle, I wouldn't have expected anything else." Megumi took another sip of tea. "However, that's just the physical part. I wanted to be sure we sat down, and in case you have any questions, you should know I'd be happy to answer them."

"Oh ah, thank you, Megumi." To be honest Kaoru did have many, many questions about, well, all that, but she wasn't sure how to start.

Especially because, ever since the day before, when Kenshin had gone for his own physical with Megumi, he'd been acting a bit strange. Well, he was always a bit strange, always wonderfully different and silly and cute and odd and formal but sweet and oh

She blushed harder, and took a too large sip of tea, causing her to wheeze.

"I'll take that as a yes," Megumi giggled. "Well, why don't we start with you telling me what you know."

"Oh." Kaoru carefully put down her tea; it would be safer that way. "Um, I know the general idea? I think? I mean, I grew up around young men, and they are always joking about such things. So I think I've gotten the gist "

"Well, yes. But what specifically do you know?" Megumi raised her fan, probably hiding a smile.

Kaoru wished _she_ had a fan to hide behind.

"Married couplesâ€¦" She took a big breath, blushing from having to say this out loud, "â€¦ take off their clothes and share a futon, and theâ€¦ bit that men have between their legs goes inside the woman, um _down there_. And that's how a woman gets with child."

It sounded soâ€¦ _strange_. It always had. The way boys talked about it tooâ€¦"they made it sound, well, rather _violent_ and maybe even painfulâ€¦ Something they took and gave at the same time, something a woman _endured_.

And yet, she remembered the first time she'd seen a pregnant woman, and thought to ask why the woman's belly was so large. She and her father were waiting at the tatami shop, and she'd been watching the greengrocers across the street, a young married couple. Her father had stammered some nonsense about men and women living together leading to such things, which had led Kaoru to ask why _she_ didn't have a large belly: she spent all her time around men!

Her poor fatherâ€¦"he'd explained that it was a special kind of closeness between two people, a special caring and love, that caused a woman's belly to grow. That what was growing there was a little person, who would come out as a baby and grow into a strong boy or girl, just like her.

She'd taken another look at the woman, working beside the man who was her _husband_â€¦"Father had been husband to Mother before she had diedâ€¦"and they looked very _happy_. The man was fussing and trying to get the woman to sit down more often, the woman laughing and shooing him away.

It lookedâ€¦ _nice_.

So though she had grown wiser and more knowledgeable, had listened from the sidelines as her father's students had joked around before and after class, had learned the ways of the world and all the wrinkles and difficulties and _cruelties_ the world carried, especially for women where _this_ was involved, she'd always hopedâ€¦

After her father had died, she'd lost most of that hope. She was an orphan girl, a swords_woman_, and without a man to speak for her, she was left with very little protection. She didn't want to marry just for that protection â€¦"she'd sworn she wouldn't, not unless the person accepted her for _exactly_ who she was and what she wanted, who would be her partner and not her master. She held that hope as a tiny flame within her, always wishing that she could have something like that woman from her memory.

Someone to love and care for equally, someone whose child would make her beam to have growing inside herâ€¦"someone to make a _family_ with again.

And she knew, she knew so deep down that it felt as natural as breathing, for the longest time, the only person she would ever want _that way_ _was_ Kenshin.

She _wanted_ _him_.

So she'd stop her silly girlish worrying, and let Megumi instruct her in _exactly_ what she wanted.

After another deep breath, Kaoru leaned forward in a deep bow.
"Megumi-sensei! Please instruct me in the ways of married love!"

At that, Megumi let out a full-throated laugh, "Oh, Kaoru, you are so silly sometimes!" But she snapped her fan shut, her eyes still full of laughter. "Don't worry, though â€"I'll do my very best.

Kaoru lifted her head, and tried to settle herself. "Thank you, Megumi-sensei."

"Please stop, Kaoru-chan, it's just me. We won't make it through this if you're going to be so serious! Now, let's start with fingersâ€" Have you been touching yourself between your legs?"

"Eh?!" It came out involuntarily; and she tried to school herself, tried to stop blushing. She was _Kamiya Kaoru_, and she was a grown woman. She could do this.

"I suppose that's a 'no.' Hmmâ€" Ken-san will no doubt be _quite_ cross with me for divulging anything from yesterday to _you_, of all people, but if this is going to go well for you two, I'm afraid you're going to need to get some practice in. So let's talk through the female anatomy for a moment. Do you remember when I was touching you and you jumped in surprise for a moment?"

"Y-yesâ€" "

"Well, what I want you to do is to take your mother's mirror, andâ€" "

* * *

><p>Kenshin sat on the porch, taking a moment to rest his weary limbs. For all its delights, the day had been long and stressful, and he felt a strong urge fall into his futon. The last of the guests had finally left, and Kaoru had insisted he take the first bath. She'd given him an outright frown when he emerged minutes later, having skipped a soak in order to give the bathhouse over to her. While he would have enjoyed letting the hot water do away with some of his tension, the longer he stayed, the longer it would be before he could retire for the night.<p>

Behind him, across the house, there was a slight creak of the planks, the sliding of a shoji closing. So. Kaoru-dono had finally left the bath and retired to her room for the night. Soonâ€" she would likely expect him to follow.

After all, it _was_ their wedding night.

Unsurprisingly, he supposed, they'd never discussed what the other expected of this night. They'd spoken of many things, of course, about their plans for the future, about the dojo and their friends, about Yahikoâ€" that topic had led them to even briefly discuss having children, though thinking back now, Kaoru had quickly changed the topic to "safer" subjects.

He'd believed himself to be under control, prepared and calm about the prospect of their coming marriage, but then Megumi-dono had insisted on meeting with both of them, separately, to give them each a "physical examination."

It had been beyond mortifying. It had beenâ€¦| _worrisome_.

Because, after establishing that he was in fine physical shape (its own nightmare of awkwardness), Megumi-dono had sat him down and _interviewed_ him about hisâ€¦| past.

She had been quite shocked by his, well, _lack of experience_. Even worse than _that_, a few days later, Sano had insisted on spending the night on the town with him. After several bottles of sake, Sano had blustered his way through what was obviously a prepared speech, trying to give him pointers. Which to his extreme chagrin, contained information that he had not been familiar with. But whether that was because of his own ignorance, or Sano's _questionable_ sources of information, he had no way of knowingâ€¦|

So, well, nowâ€¦| he was _worried._

In terms of what was to come, he had to admit to himself, he was actually somewhat terrified. As he'd told Megumi-dono, it had been a long time since he had been intimate with a woman. A _very_ long time, and the memories of those few, cruelly short monthsâ€¦"he did his best to avoid thinking of them. For fifteen long and lonely years, he'd tried to forget what it was to love a woman, believing himself unworthy of that love. In truth, he hadn't thought he would ever find anyone he could share those moments with. But now there was Kaoru-dono, and to him, she was simply _everything_. The pull he felt towards her almost overwhelmed him, and always had, practically from the moment they'd met.

Beneath his exhaustion, a growing anticipation was surging through him, making him tense and alert. It was a feeling that he had been fighting to repress for weeks, a fight that he was rapidly losing. The constant edge, the terrible yet wonderful twist in his stomach every time he met her eyes, or their fingers brushed together, catching sight of her smile only to watch it inevitably turn into a blushâ€¦|

He sighed again, and tried to focus. He was her husband as of this afternoon, as of the moment they had sat side by side and sipped the priest's sake, as their friends and adopted family had looked on with pride. Every moment he'd glanced at her, she'd been radiant, even beneath the heavy white make-up and fabric.

A tremor when through him, remembering how her eyes had turned bright, the curve of her lip as she tipped the sake dish into her mouth. She'd lifted her head, and he'd remembered all the other times her eyes had burned with fire, all the other times her spirit had so brightly shone.

A small slip of a girl, confronting him with a wooden sword, fiercely accusing him of murder, only to offer him her handkerchief once her rage had calmed.

_Her eyes, earnest and bright, softened by the early morning rain, begging him to come home with her. Or fiery and intense in the midst

of battle that dark night in Kyotoâ€|_

Her brilliant smile, as she offered him her thanks, over and over. How she had offered him her home, her belongings, her comfort, her loveâ€|

The overpowering ache he'd felt, believing he'd lost her, the impossible pain he'd suffered, believing her dead.

He let out another sigh. There were too many moments when her presence had overwhelmed him to sort through now. And contemplating them did nothing to calm him. It was strange, how similar he felt _now_, in the anticipation of their marriage, to those feelings of pain at her loss.

He truly was a fool, as his master had always said. Or perhaps this was simply what love was, a constant and overpowering dependence on another, when they could be taken away at any time.

With a slight shake, he stood, settling his shoulders and centering his spirit. This would not do. It had only been a few hours, and he was already failing as a husband. He could not let her sit anxiously in herâ€"no, _their_ room for a moment longer. Instead of worrying over the possibility of loss, he should revel in the reality of the moment, that finally, they would be together, never to part again.

As he walked down the hall towards her, he felt her spirit growing stronger. He sensed the flutter of her anxious heart, but also the same, strangely familiar feeling he often felt in her presence. He'd been trying to put his finger on it all day, in the moments when he tried to distract himself from his fears and uncertainties. What he was sensing, now much more strongly than before, was something that was always there within her: her courage.

_Kaoru-dono is braver and stronger than anyone_â€| he mused with a smile, and tapped on her door.

"Kaoru-dono?"

"Kenshinâ€| please, come in."

Carefully, he slid the door open, then shut it behind him, padding into the room. Kaoru was kneeling near the top edge of their already prepared futon, illuminated by a single lantern she'd set next to the bed. Her hair was loose and she was wearing her sleeping yukata, the lilac one he'd glimpsed her in from time to time. He'd always thought the color softened her, made her look more feminine than he normally allowed himself to think of her...

He carefully sat down across from her at the other edge of the futon, crossing his legs and setting down his sakabato. Once he was settled, he raised his eyes to meet hers.

"Kaoru-dono-" "Kenshin-"

They both started speaking at the same time, and he was graced with her sweet smile. It eased some of his tension, and he looked down, grinning.

"Well, today was quite the day, wasn't it? For a minute there, I thought Yahiko and Sano would never leave!" Kaoru's voice was perhaps a hair higher than normal, but still rich with amusement.

Kenshin chuckled, catching the last bit of a mischievous look in Kaoru's eyes as she shifted out of seiza to lean against one arm. "Sano does tend to love over-staying welcomes, that he does."

"And he's been giving Yahiko all sorts of bad habits!" She blew out an exasperated breath. "I suppose it can't be helped, though."

"Yahiko is a smart boy, this one is sure he will learn many good things from Sanoâ€| including when not to act like him." He prayed he had good enough sense to determine the same.

She giggled, before falling quiet. The silence seemed to stretch, the tension between them returning. He desperately searched for what to say, how to startâ€|

"Kenshinâ€|" Kaoru whispered, sitting up straight again, her eyes flitting down to her hands. "â€| I want to thank you. For today."

"Thank this one?" Kenshin asked with confusion in his eyes. What could she possibly have to thank him for?

"I knowâ€| that you have been, well. That you have been worried about things, and well, I just wanted to thank you for, ah. For today." She paused for a moment, her eyes trailing to their futon.

"I ah, I've talked to Megumi, and even with Sano a little bit, and well, I just want you to know that, whatever you are worried about, I understand that it's not, ah, about me necessarily. And that I don't mind. And that, well. "

"Kaoru-" he began, but she interrupted him.

"That I'mâ€| very happy. To be here with you." Her blush grew, and he watched, mesmerized, as it spread across her face. "Very happy."

"Kaoru-donoâ€|" She is happyâ€| A mix of shame and joy meeting in his heart, he shifted, uncrossing his legs, and unthinkingly slid across the mats to get closer to her. To show her that he was happy, to apologize for any doubts his hesitance had given her. She shifted closer to him as well, until their knees touched. Slowly, but steadily, he reached out his hand to her, and after what felt like a small eternity, he pressed it against her cheek. She sighed into his touch, tilting her head and closing her eyes.

"May this one kiss you, Kaoru?" he asked, his voice catching on her name, stopping the honorific at the last moment, wanting to convey to her how he was feeling. He'd always used the old honorific, with her and all the women he knew, wanting to show them respect, to set them at ease. It always seemed to bring a smile to their lips, and he would always think of Kaoru that way, wish to give her all the respect he ever couldâ€| but here in their bedroom, he wanted to simply be her intimate.

"Yes," she whispered, her eyes opening and meeting his, two bright stars twinkling. A flush of warmth spread through him at her words. "Please"

He closed the last distance between them, slipping his other arm around her waist, and tugged, so that they raised themselves onto their knees, while his hand on her cheek moved to thread through her loose hair, tilting her head to his.

"Please, Kenshin-" Kaoru breathed out, and he touched his lips to hers.

The moment seemed to stretch, every sensation magnified and intense, her soft, warm lips, her sweet, floral scent, the feel of her small, lithe body against him, the rounded flesh of her breasts pressing into his chest, a small strip of skin connecting as both of their robes slipped from the friction

His hand drifted from her shoulders to her lower back, and that somehow seemed to awaken her, for suddenly her hands were on him, too, touching his sides lightly at first, then drifting further to clutch him to her, leaving a thrilling heat in their wake. He couldn't hold back a moan against her mouth, and the movement of his lips changed their kiss from soft and hesitant to something almost desperate.

Pulling away for a moment, he opened his eyes, only to catch himself in Kaoru's gaze. Her expression had changed, from a look of hesitation and suspense to determination. She was radiant, looking at him with fire in her eyes, and for a moment's insanity, he thought he might burn away in the heat of her eyes, her embrace. Suddenly overwhelmed with feeling, he drew back and slid down onto his heels, breaking their close connection except at her neck, where he pressed his forehead into her.

"Kaoru" He breathed her in again, his hands clenching against the soft cotton of her robe, feeling the imprint of lean muscle lying beneath. "Oh, Kaoru, this one loves you very much, that he does."

"Kenshin" She pulled away from him, her hands running down his arms to clasp his fingers, and then she was leading him back with her, towards the futon. He couldn't quite look up again, strangely shy of her fiery eyes, instead focusing on her hands. They were trembling a little bit, but still they led him on, her grip sure. Once they were on her futon, her hands left him, and moved to the knot of her sash. He looked up to watch them unwrap her sash, carefully set it aside, and then grasp the lapels of her yukata as she began to shrug out of the cloth.

"Gods," he whispered. His eyes followed the fabric as it fell to her waist.

He couldn't quite determine what to focus on, the smoothness of her skin, the glint in her wet lips reflecting back the soft lamplight, the soft pant of her breath, the heady scent of her sweat His eyes finally settled on her pert breasts, the dark circles of her erect nipples.

His hand was half-extended towards her before he fully realized it,

when he finally looked up at her face again, only to see that her eyes were tightly squeezed shut, her cheeks red, and not with arousal... "...Kaoru?"

She made a small little squeak, but her eyes didn't open. A wave of guilt rushed through him, and he reached out to cup her face in his hands, pressed his forehead against hers. "Kaoruâ€¦ you are so beautiful." He kissed her cheek, and heard her release her breath, a comforting breeze against his face. "But are you cold? You can stay covered if you wishâ€¦"

"Nn-nn. I'm not cold. Andâ€¦ I want you to look," she said, and lifted her eyes back to his. He nearly grinnedâ€¦"the fire was coming back. "I was just, um, a little nervous, but it's okay." She took his hands from her face, and guided them down.

"You can touch me," she whispered breathily, her eyes hot on him. "I want you to."

His heart raced, hearing her like that, and he looked down once more. His hand followed his eyes, and when he brushed his fingertips against her breasts, the gasp that fell from her lips caused his cock to throb.

It was so _strange_, to touch her like this, to feel the velvety smoothness of her breasts under his rough hands. He'd rarely touched her before; he could count on his fingers the number of times he'd done so purposefully.

Leaping off the bridge, catching her and rolling, to get her out of harm's wayâ€¦

Gingerly lifting her into his arms, ignoring the sharp pain in his side from Jineh's blade, the guilt over the bruises on her face tearing at himâ€¦

Hugging her close, believing he would never see her again, his heart breakingâ€¦

Gripping her shoulders, grasping her hand as she lead him away from that horrific beach, her presence and smile enfolding himâ€¦

Kaoru was nearly breathless, her bottom lip caught behind her teeth, her hands on his robe, hesitantly tugging at the cloth. "Kenshin, I wantâ€¦" Her voice quivered slightly, but that fire was still there, smoldering in her eyes.

"Ah." He leaned back a little, and quickly pulled his arms out of his robe. But when he went to untie his sash, he was suddenly unsure of himself. This was moving so fast, and it had been so longâ€¦ He didn't want to hurt her, didn't want to disappoint her. He looked down, self-conscious, all his earlier doubts crashing down on him.

Then he felt Kaoru's hand on his arm, and looking up, saw she was completely nude, her robe discarded behind her, her beautiful long legs splayed to the side as she leaned on one hand towards him. He gaped at her and when he caught her eyes, he saw the love and concern there, the trust she felt towards him. Her cheeks were red, but she was _there_, bare to him, and _beautiful_. More beautiful than he'd

even imagined.

He sat there, transfixed by her, while she shifted onto her knees, moving closer towards him, and with shaking hands, untied his belt.

Then he stopped being able to think coherently, because she was touching him, oh, and it was so strange, but wonderful, and his heart was racing and his head felt light and heavy, all at once, one of her hands smoothing up his chest while the other was wrapped around his cock. She was moving across the ridges of skin, and then she was kissing his lipsâ€¦ At her kiss, his arms suddenly reconnected to his brain, and he moved, arms circling her and pulling her closer.

He carefully grasped her hand to stop her soft touches, and brought it to rest around his shoulders. She appeared to understand, and buried her fingers in his hair, causing the tie to come undone. Seemingly without thought, they moved down, until they were lying together on the futon.

"Kaoru," he said, raising his head to look at her flushed face, her closed eyes, "is this real?"

Her eyes widened, her expression amused as she let out a small laugh, a light breathy thing that he felt brush against his face, vibrate against his chest. He groaned.

"I hope so. It feels real to meâ€¦" Her arms tugged at him, and he found himself leaning on her, carefully bracing himself above her on one elbow.

"In a good way?" he asked, lowering himself slowly, hoping he wasn't too heavy, lying on her like this.

"Yes." She nudged his right cheek, his unscarred one, with her nose. "A very good way."

He kissed her, gently, deliberately, and let his mind wander, hitting on everything moment by moment, unable to process everything at once, but each detail causing his nerves to burn brighter.

Her smooth legs rubbing against his, the rough callouses on the soles of her feet brushing the back of his calvesâ€¦ Then focusing on the feel of her fingers lighting up and down his back, setting off tingles everywhere they landed. But most of all, the heavenly soft steel of all of her, pressed against him, and moving, caressing him, warm and alive and just as excited as himâ€¦ He moved his lips across her bright red cheek, down to the gentle curve of her neck, laying soft, wet kisses there.

"Kenshinâ€¦" Her hands stilled against his lower back, then pulled away.

"Yes, Kaoru?" He opened his eyes to focus on her face, only to be caught, spellbound once more, by the wild fire shining out of her brilliant blue eyes.

"Well, are you... are we," she said as her hands trailed down his spine, lower, the whisper of touch running down his buttocks, moving

to press his lower body flush against her soft, strong thighs, "you know?"

"Oro, ah, Kaoru, oh, one that is!" He could barely breathe, his cock was so distractingly close to heat and wet. He could feel her there, smell her, and oh!

Rapidly, he pulled back, blanking his mind as he balanced himself above her on his hands and knees. He closed his eyes to focus, on anything else, to get himself under control!

"Um! Kenshin? I, um, I'm sorry, did I!" She was pulling away, moving out from under him, and his heart sank, "I didn't mean to hurt you, I-I!"

At the little hiccup in her voice, the return of tension, he nearly cried out. In a fluid motion, grabbed her waist and pushed himself back, laying his head against her smooth, taut stomach.

"You didn't hurt me, not at all. Actually! the opposite," he said, and he heard her exhale, a soft, sweet sigh. "You are magnificent, I just! don't wish to be hasty." He kissed her navel, and was rewarded with a giggle. She must be ticklish there.

"I'd never accuse you of that, Kenshin. There's many things I'd call you!" She laughed softly, "but hasty isn't one!"

He smiled gently against her abdomen, stroking his fingertips slowly across her hip. Her breath hitched, the muscles under him tensing; she reached for his hand, and in a slow motion, pushed it down.

He drew in a breath as she guided his fingers across her navel and down. She sighed softly when he touched her, her hand falling away.

She was wet there, her center dripping fluids, and so warm! he caressed her, moving his fingers gently up and down her folds. He wanted to see, so he leaned back on his knees, pressing his fingers against her.

"Ah!" she cried out, and he quickly stopped moving.

"Oh, Kaoru-dono, I'm sorry!" he rasped, finding his mouth dry.

"No, no it's fine, ah, just a little softer!" Closing her eyes, she took his hand again, and brought it back, then slowly started moving it up and down against her dripping wetness.

"Yes!" He reddened, and settled himself, already chastening himself for his clumsiness. Focusing, he bent his head to watch what he was doing, watch where she led him. "Ah! Kaoru!"

Her nether lips were flushed and pink, glistening in the lamplight, and he had to focus on breathing for a moment. But as he was doing so, Kaoru's hand kept moving his own, and he found himself listening to her small noises, her soft panting, the wet sounds created by their moving fingers. As he grew more confident, Kaoru's hands fell away again while her voice grew in volume.

Her cries grew more and more insistent, and when he finally slipped a finger into herâ€¦ she moaned, her sweet voice dropping to levels he'd never heard her speak. It sped him on, gave him confidence, caused the heat within him to grow hotter, more insistent.

Half-formed, distant memories were coming back to him, leading his hands, and then unbidden but there nonetheless, drunken suggestions came back tooâ€¦ Sano's lewd suggestions running through his mind, he he curled the finger inside her, barely daring to breathe as he did soâ€¦ and in response, she gave him a loud little squeak, squirming on his hand. With his other hand, he did his best to still her moving hips, afraid of hurting her, running his hand across her abdomen, and pressing down just above her little thatch of hairâ€¦ she gave him another new sound, almost a groanâ€¦ Her moans led him on, telling him to move in that pattern, to circle that bit of flesh, and finallyâ€¦ He could only do so much with one hand, so from one of Sano's lewder promptings, he leaned down, the scent of her almost overwhelming, her dark, wet curls brushing his nose as he gave her folds a long, gentle lick.

"Ohhâ€¦ Kenshinâ€¦ do that again, pleaseâ€¦" she gasped, her hands fisting in his hair, tugging at him, pressing him closer to her.

He smiled, and licked her again, this time more insistently, with more forceâ€¦ she yelped, her hands pulled harder at his hair, and he found he didn't mind, not one bitâ€¦ and now he grew bolder, syncing the curling of his finger within her with his tongue reaching the apex of her folds, the little bud nestled there.

"Yes, moreâ€¦ mmm, ah-AH!" Her voice was music to him, and so he moved faster, pressed harder with his tongue and his finger, pressed down harder on her abdomen, seeking more sounds, more squeezes from her thighs against his shoulders and her hands tangling in his hair-

And now she was really whimpering, her voice rising in tone and volume, and with blood-roaring in his ears, he took the little bud above her flushed folds of skin between his lips and eagerly sucked-

"Ah-haaaAHHHh Kenshiinnâ€¦" Kaoru yelled, bucking and shaking along her whole body, her womanhood clenching around his suddenly stilled finger. He watched, entranced, her sweat-covered, flushed face, her open mouth and closed eyes, little damp locks of hair sticking to her cheek when she twisted her head from side to side. After a lovely little eternity, she slumped, all the clenched muscles in her body loosening, leaving behind her perfect, strong softness.

Gingerly, he moved to lay down beside her, waiting for her heaving breaths to slow, a feeling of satisfaction and pride nearly overwhelming the insistent pressure of his own arousal. She looked so beautiful, spread before him naked and glistening, her eyes glazed and her chest heavingâ€¦ he could watch her like this for ages. He gently ran his fingers down her hair, tucking the long strands behind her ear, the better to see her flushed face as it calmed.

"Ahhh, Kenshinâ€¦" After several minutes, Kaoru reached out for him, and rolled over to snuggle her head against his chest, and he moved his arm to allow her in closer, lightly stroking her back. "Kenshin,

mmhm, I, that was lovelyâ€|"

"I'm glad." He knew his smile was too big, but he couldn't stop himselfâ€"no matter what happened next, at least he had done this for her, been less of a failure than he'd expected.

She giggled, and turned her head to kiss his chest. Then she paused for a moment, lifting her head and looking down...

"Butâ€| now it's my turn, all right?" She tilted her head up from his obvious erection to his face, and her perfect blue eyes held a bit of hesitation, a bit of a question.

He didn't like it. "Kaoruâ€| It's alright, you don't have toâ€|"

Her eyes flashed, the way he loved so well, her uncertainty giving way to her courageous spirit. "Mou, Ken-_shin_!" She jumped up off his chest, leaning on each arm to glower at him. "That's not, hmmmph, I _want_ to, _you're_ the oneâ€|" With another huff, before he could do more than let out one small 'oro,' she swung a leg over him to straddle his waist. With a face redder than his hair, she scooted down, until-

"Ah, ooh, _Kaoru_â€|" His cock pulsed between her smooth, strong buttocks. "Are you, this one wants-"

"Please, Kenshin." Her head bobbed for a moment, her damp bangs sliding down and hiding her face. "Can I?"

He let out a halting breath. "Of course, Kaoru. This one loves youâ€| whatever you want, whatever pleases you, pleases me, that it does."

She huffed, her bangs blowing away to show the mild annoyance she so often displayed at his words. "Well, in that caseâ€|"

"Kaoru- unghhhâ€|" She'd moved up quickly and with her hands on his stomach, rested her still-dripping folds against his aching cock. "That-that isâ€|"

"Feel good?" she whispered, softly rocking her hips, back and forth, her slit spreading easily against his tip.

"Ohâ€| oh _yes_, Kaoruâ€| pleaseâ€|" He couldn't quite think, her warmth was so closeâ€|

"Good." She gave a little half laugh. "I was wonderingâ€|" Her hips moved down, but he wasn't inside her-

"Nfph!" Pain shot up from his groin. Quickly, within Kaoru's worried gasp and lifting hips, he grasped himself, his other hand smoothing up her slick thigh, and parting her lips, guided himself just within. "Kaoru, ahh, _now_-"

She understood, and slowly sank down with a sigh, mirroring his own. "Ohhhâ€|"

Now his mind really was blank, taken over by _feeling_, by the heavenly pleasure of her sweet, slick softness, and unreality of the moment, that he was really _here_, with her, within her, and there

was nothing to be afraid or hesitant about.

His Kaoru was a intuitive, clever woman, and with nothing beyond his guttural moans to go on, she started slowly moving her hips up and down, changing the fire within him from smoldering to burning, and without realizing it, his hands were gripping those slowly rocking hips, urging them on.

He couldn't quite keep still. Everything felt too good, too much for him to bear—the little pant coming out of her mouth each time she sank down on him, the roll of her muscle under his hands as she moved, and his cock, weeping inside her, uncontrollable. He couldn't stand it, not this, this sweet, slow torture of her thighs against his, her heaving chest coming down to brush against him. He needed something, something more.

Without any real coherent thought, he ran his hands up her back to clutch her to him, and within her cry, rolled them, until he was half-above her, still within, panting, "Kaoru, this, this one is sorry, is this-?"

"Ken—shin—" she started, her eyes just as wild as his heart felt, staring back at him. "Yes."

He released a shuddering breath, relieved that he hadn't failed, that he hadn't scared her.

"I love you," she sighed. "Anything you want—I want, too." Her hands moved down his back, soothing his pounding heart. "I want to make you happy. I want you to feel—like you belong—"

"Kaoru," he gasped, as he began moving again, almost without thought, his mind overwhelmed by love and tenderness. "Kaoru, I want to—I do belong—"

His pace quickened, his body quivering and insistent, searching, searching for her, for all the things he wished to give her, to take from her, because she wanted him to, wanted him just as he wanted her, and that was allowed, it was good—

"To—you—"

And with one last push, the world coalesced into a single point, deep within his belly, before bursting. His whole body flooding with white hot, electric pulses, his mind emptied of everything but her, beneath him, and he let go of all his worries and fears for one blessed moment.

When he came back to himself, he was lying atop Kaoru's soft breasts, their legs entwined and his hands clutching the sweet curve of her waist.

He raised his head, the blood rushing to his face, and he mumbled embarrassedly, "Kaoru, are you, are you alright?" He shifted his body, worried about crushing her. "You aren't, that wasn't, is there anything—"

He trailed off, because as soon as he'd started babbling she'd giggled. He was caught between the state of post-orgasmic bliss, and a combined worry about her reaction and the joy he always felt at

her laugh.

Her arms encircled him, pulling him close, and the little worry that had sprouted in him withered away within the warmth he found, his body snuggled against her own. Sighing, she mumbled "Mmm, Kenshin, you can be so silly."

His heart slowing down, but his joy only growing, he mumbled back, "This one is sorry, beloved."

"It's all right," she yawned, snuggling against him. "I knew you were silly when I married you, so it's my own fault."

Chuckling, he carefully leaned himself off of her, grasping the bedspread to cover them, to keep her warm. "This one is very lucky to have such a tolerant wife, that he is."

Her kiss against his neck sent one last flutter through his body, and sighing, he allowed himself to drift into a dreamless sleep.

* * *

><p>Kaoru came into wakefulness feeling utterly content, though sore, and without any of the anxiousness she'd felt for the last few weeks because instead of her usual pillow, her head was laying against-<p>

"Good morning, Kaoru-dono."

She lifted her head, looking up at the beautiful, adoring face she'd dreamed of waking to for months, Kenshin's lovely lips curved up in a smile. He was unfairly pretty in the morning light, she thought with a pang, momentarily worried about her own stateâ€|

Kenshin squeezed her, and her first sound of the morning was a squeak of air leaving her lungs. "Kenshin!"

"Ahh, she is awake! This one is gladâ€| we slept quite long, that we did." He ducked his head into the curve of her neck, resting there. "One didn't wake you, did he?"

Giggling, she said, "Good morning, Kenshin. No, you did notâ€| but you could have. I wouldn't have minded." She felt powerful, as light and ethereal as a spirit in the stillness of the morning, resting against Kenshin's solid, firm chest. She felt bold, the memories of last night returning, the giddy fire that had run through her when she'd touched him for the first time, when he'd run his fingers along her womanhood, when he'd entered herâ€|

She propped herself up, her giggles turning to blushes, suddenly wondering if she could, or should ask?

"Kaoru?" Kenshin shifted up to sit next to her. "What is it?"

"Umâ€|" And now, all of the sudden, she was unsure, in the morning light. She'd dug deep last night, dug past her insecurity about her inexperience, past the last of her lingering doubts about Kenshin's affection, and it had been easy, in the end, easier than she'd ever imagined, to focus on the brightness of his eyes, the love he laved

over her with every caress of his hands, his lips and his body.

But now it was morning, and she felt a bit shy. She frowned, annoyed at herself.

And then she was falling back down, two strong, certain arms surrounding her. "Kenshin!" and she found she was giggling again, and once more looked up at his achingly lovely, smiling, blushing face.

"Perhaps we should pretend to be asleep again." His eyes burned into hers, as fiery as his cheeks, his hair, his heart. "That way, we can imagine we are within a dream" and maybe even act it out

Smiling, bright and brave, she squeezed him back and answered, "Yes."

End
file.